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Danny Blue's Discovery

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

A S merry as the whistle of a scarlet-breasted robin was the trill of Danny Blue, plunging through the snow drifts toward the village. He was from the Hills, and would triumph over the unbroken roads, just as Dr. Wynne Pritchard, the explorer, who was going to tell his wonderful story to the boys and girls that afternoon, had conquered in the north.

"Got to get a hustle on or I'll be losing out on a chance with the first two hundred," exclaimed Danny, making fresh tracks in an almost impregnable drift.

It was a two-mile walk to the village and the story-lecture would open in the small community hall at three o'clock; but alas! where perhaps three hundred boys and girls would be clamoring for a chance to hear the explorer, there would be seats for only two hundred. The doors would open at half past two, and Danny Blue determined, with all the grit that had characterized the expedition of Dr. Wynne Pritchard, to make the hall in the first line.

"Hello, here comes Dr. Penny's cutter—first sleigh to break the road to the Hills today, and he's got a passenger along with him," exclaimed Danny, as he stood aside, giving the cutter a chance to furrow tracks in the drifted road.

Then as he watched the doctor's cutter make a turn at the Forked Road, he realized the man of medicine was bound for the Indian settlement. That road had not been broken for several days and the drifts were level with the fences.

"Wow!" Getting blustery," shivered Danny Blue, pulling his stocking cap down over his ears, as a keen, biting wind blew across the fields, little gusts of snow blowing over the tracks made by the boy.

But Danny was little heeding the chill of the wind for in imagination he was seeing the pictures of the splendid north, which the explorer would flash on the screen of the hall. There would be pictures of huskies and Eskimos and queer, snow huts. Then suddenly Danny caught a glimpse of a black object lying half

hidden in the snow close beside the tracks of Dr. Penny's cutter. Like a cat, Danny pounced down on the object, and lifting it from its snowy bed, examined curiously the square, leather case.

"Guess likely Dr. Penny dropped this out from under the robes of his cutter, and looks as if it might be a surgical kit," declared Danny. "Lucky thing I happened along for 'twouldn't be long before this blustering wind would have drifted the thing deep in the snow," he

Then as he hurried through the drifts, making time against the two-thirty hour, when the door would open to the hall, Danny Blue suddenly recalled the news his father had brought home several days ago. Chief Tony of the Indian settlement had cut his knee badly, felling a tree. Perhaps the Chief had sent for Dr. Penny, and the case of surgical instruments would be most terribly needed to make well the old chief's knee. Again the chill wind blew the snow in little drifts over the tracks. Perhaps by night it might be impossible to break through the Forked Road to the Indian settlement.

"Guess I'd better go back to the Forked Road and see if I can find Dr. Penny in the Indian settlement and hand over his black case," muttered Danny Blue. "Looks as if I wouldn't get in on that first two hundred, but here's hoping Old Chief Tony's knee gets better in a hurry," and Danny, gulping hard, turned in his tracks and trudged back to the Forked Road, following the trail of the doctor's cutter.

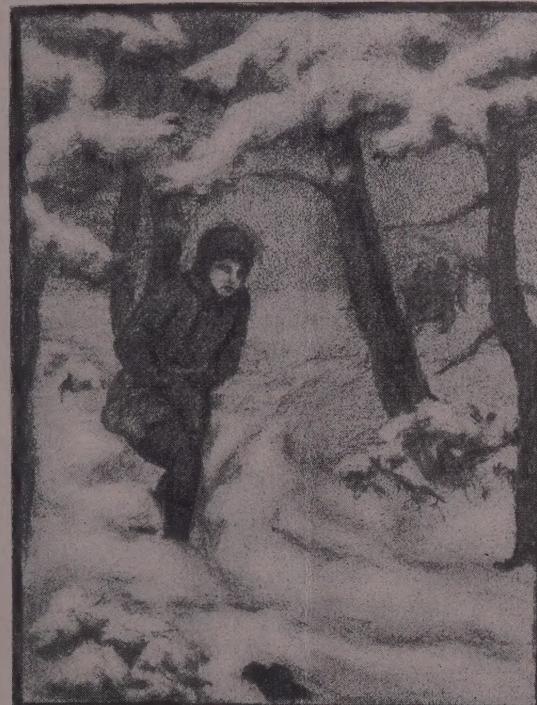
So drifted was the road, that Danny was often forced to halt and fight for his breath. Already the tracks of the cutter were snowed over. Never before had the way in from the main road seemed so far. Danny gave a cry of relief as he glimpsed the smoke wreathing from the pipes of the Indian shacks. Yes, there was Dr. Penny's cutter and horse standing outside Chief Tony's rough little home, and both the doctor and his passenger inside visiting, no doubt, with the old chief.

Danny pushed on through the drifts to the very door of the chief, and knocked lustily. To his amazement, the door was opened by Chief Tony himself, hale and hearty and scarcely a limp from the cut knee. He grunted a welcome to the boy, and stumbling across the threshold, Danny cried out;

"Is—is Dr. Penny here?"

"Yuh," responded Chief Tony, and the doctor, sitting close beside the piping, steaming stove, jumped to his feet.

The heat of the little kitchen, after the keen, biting cold of the blustery out-of-doors, made Danny's head swim dizzily; but he saw that the doctor's friend was with him in the crowded kitchen. And



"SUDDENLY DANNY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A BLACK OBJECT LYING HALF HIDDEN IN THE SNOW"

added, tucking the case under his arm.

He would carry it to the village and after the explorer had finished telling the story of the north, Danny would drop the case at the doctor's office. Then Danny began to think about the contents of that case. If it was Dr. Penny's surgical case, would he not be needing it in the Indian settlement?

"Oh, I guess he wouldn't be needing this old case, visiting the Indians. It's that hefty, I allow it hasn't got medicine inside," Danny told himself, and trudged on toward the village.

Danny Blue noted that Dr. Penny did not look worried about anything in particular. He didn't believe he had ever missed the black case. After all it had been foolish for him to turn back, and lose his chance of making the first two hundred.

"It is Danny Blue from the Hills," exclaimed Dr. Penny.

"Here—here is the case you dropped out of the cutter, Doctor," said Danny, holding out the case. "I—I found it in the drifts near the tracks you made coming from the village. It was most drifted over with snow—"

"My case?" questioned the doctor, a puzzled frown in his eyes. "But that does not belong to me—I have no case that size or shape. All of my kits are quite different—"

"Hold on, that looks a good deal like my property," broke in the voice of Dr. Penny's friend, springing from his chair by the stove, and examining the case that Danny held aloft.

One swift glance of scrutiny and the stranger had the case, recovered from the snow drift, in the firm clutch of his fingers. Excitedly he produced a key from his pocket and fitted it to the lock of the case.

"Funny I never missed the thing—must have tumbled out of the cutter, when I wasn't looking. Bad business to have lost it this hour of the day," muttered the stranger, opening the case and running his fingers through the contents.

"Guess everything is O. K. Falling in the snow bank as it did, no harm was done," exclaimed the stranger, adding, "you see, the case is full of lantern slides, that picture life in the far-away north. I have to have them for my story-talk this afternoon to the boys and the girls in the village hall. I guess there wouldn't have been any story-talk if these slides had been lost today—"

"No, Dr. Pritchard, we would never have been able to have traced the lost case in the snow drifts, the way it is blustering now," broke in Dr. Penny. Then, turning to question Danny, "how did you happen to come down to Chief Tony's shack with the case after you found it?"

"Thought it was your surgical kit and perhaps you would need the things inside to fix up Chief Tony's knee, so I hustled down to the Indian settlement with the case," explained Danny, adding, "but I guess I had better get another hustle on now for the village if I want to make that first two hundred in at the community hall. Door is opened at two-thirty, you know, and that was where I was headed for when I stumbled across the case. Mighty glad I found it—"

"Hold on, lad,—you mean to say that you risked giving up a chance of making the first two hundred in the hall to bring help to the old Chief?" broke in Dr. Pritchard. Turning to Dr. Penny he asked another question: "We'll make room for this chap in the cutter on the trip back to the village won't we? I'll guarantee a

seat in the hall for Danny Blue where he can have a first-class view of the lantern slides he saved this day."

"We surely can smuggle Danny Blue somewhere with the case of lantern slides under the robes of the cutter," replied Dr. Penny. "And we'd better hurry along or we will be disappointing three hundred boys and girls by being a bit late. You see, Danny, Dr. Pritchard is interested in Indian tribes, so I brought him over here to the Forked Road to visit Chief Tony and his neighbors of the settlement. That is how we came to be travelling the road to the Hills this afternoon. You'll find the story-talk about the north and the huskies and the Eskimos the most interesting thing you've struck this long time," said Dr. Penny, as they made their exit from the old chief's shack.

"I sure didn't make any mistake that time in turning down the Forked Road with my find," chuckled Danny Blue as he made a plunge through the drifts to the doctor's cutter.

The Mysterious Ileka

BY EDNA S. KNAPP

In Five Parts

CHAPTER IV

“WIRESLESS? What could a deserted house need of a wireless?" questioned Margaret, her gray eyes wide with wonder.

"Probably it isn't deserted—at least not all the time," said Dick coolly.

"There must be some way to get there," spoke Dorothy slowly.

"We'll hunt until we find it," decided Henry.

"You won't today," said Margaret. "Let's go home now. Aunt Sue expects us."

"I think I'll leave the gun at home next time," went on Henry. "It's a nuisance to lug and I didn't see anything to shoot. We won't want it for ghosts."

"I told him not to fire even if we saw something," said Dick. "We don't want to alarm the spooks at that haunted house."

"You don't suppose there's any—danger?" asked Dorothy of Margaret as the rowboat rounded a bend of the river.

"If I did I wouldn't say go ahead with the exploring," answered Margaret quietly. "It's the mystery that makes it such fun."

"And the fact that we have to hunt," struck in Dick.

"It's especially interesting to hunt in such a place," added Henry looking about him.

"We're certainly lucky to have so much fun in so lovely a spot," said Margaret. "Only we can't stay long enough. We've always had to get back to dinner."

"Take our dinner with us," flashed Dick.

"We will tomorrow," promised Dorothy.

"Unless Uncle Henry makes us give up

the search. I think we'd better tell him about it. I'm not afraid for Dick and me but you girls mustn't run any risks," said Henry.

"I've got to take care of Dorothy," remarked Dick earnestly. "We'll tell Mr. Tisdale all about it and do exactly as he says."

They had no chance until evening. The night was rather sharp, a decided change from the heat of midday so they had a fire in the living-room fireplace of The Shack and the family clustered around it. Then the young folks told Uncle Henry all they had seen and their speculations concerning possible reasons for the boat that was secretly kept in order and the house, deserted for years, that yet had a wireless outfit.

"I asked Mr. Wharton if he'd ever heard of anybody occupying the haunted house and he said folks were too scared of it," explained Dick. "I didn't tell him about seeing the wireless."

"Glad you didn't. We don't want anybody else to butt in. It's our mystery and we want to solve it—if Uncle Henry thinks it's all right for us four to try," added Henry.

There was a brief pause before Uncle Henry responded. Margaret leaned forward and watched him anxiously in the firelight. Was he going to make them give up trying to solve this fascinating mystery? Or—was he thinking about something else? So often he only half heard what was said to him.

Finally Uncle Henry spoke. "I guess it's safe enough. Go ahead and hunt all you like but be careful."

Margaret was not quite satisfied until Aunt Sue said, "If your uncle approves, it's surely all right, dear." So Margaret dismissed all anxiety from her mind.

Next morning brought some callers, ladies from the Inn who wanted Aunt Sue to help at a tea for the Near East Relief. They said there were a number of young folks among the winter people who were attending school in Palm City.

"We're having vacation because school closed on account of the influenza epidemic. We haven't met any of the town boys and girls yet," explained Margaret.

"We've only just found out that you were staying here a few weeks," the guests remarked to Aunt Sue. "You'll get acquainted quickly because everyone is so friendly here."

"If they'll only let us alone until we solve that mystery," declared Dick after the ladies had gone. "Let's get our lunch and go up the river for all day."

"Why don't you go down the river sometimes?" asked Aunt Sue.

"It's pretty down the river but it's man-made. I think God must have made the fairyland up the river," replied Margaret reverently. "Wait until you've seen it, Aunt Sue, and you'll understand in a minute."

"It's so still and the sun shines and the water sparkles and the river mirrors everything until the reflections are

clearer than the things themselves," began Dorothy trying to describe the charms of the upper Chasco.

"In brief, the world looks better there if you stand on your head to survey it," laughed Dick. "Six dozen sandwiches apiece, Mrs. Tisdale, please. This climate makes us hungry."

"Boys are always hungry," responded Aunt Sue, placidly adding more sandwiches to the pile. When the lunch in variety and amount suited the four, it was packed into a basket and our young folks started on their fourth trip up the winding Chasco.

The sun shone down on them from a sky of deepest azure flecked with fleecy clouds. A breeze from the Gulf blew up the river and rippled the surface and waved the palmettos on the banks. In silence the rowboat passed under the bridge, around curve after curve and up into the enchanted fastnesses. The scenery changed with each bend and was constantly more beautiful. Margaret begged them once to stop and measure a tall tree fern that drooped over the water's edge. "Folks at home wouldn't believe me unless I gave them exact figures," she said.

"Don't you boys get tired rowing?" inquired Dorothy presently. "Why can't we girls take a turn? We know how and we're perfectly well."

"Your appetites are all right, certainly," grinned Henry. "Take a turn, if you choose, and let us watch you work."

"If we're coming up here every day, we may be glad of your help," said Dick frankly. "Sure you speak when you're tired, Dot."

For a while Henry steered and the girls rowed, then the boys, fresh from their resting spell, took the oars again and presently the boat reached the grassy bank where the Ileka lay high and dry.

"We've got to hide our boat and the basket. We don't want the ghosts to see any signs of our presence," said Henry who seemed by common consent to be captain of the expedition.

"Up in the brush at the left there seems to be a chance and the bushes will cover it completely," suggested Dick. "We'd better row back a little. Then I think we can shove her in. You girls land here."

Presently the boat was hidden and the party fell to hunting for the concealed approach to the haunted house. They returned to their boat and rowed up the river a little way and hunted. They rowed down the river and searched, but in vain. Several hours passed and they grew hungry so they sat in the boat and ate their lunch which fitted their appetites perfectly.

Refreshed by their meal, they hid the boat again and were loitering along the river bank when the boys began to spar and presently were in the midst of a mock fight with the girls laughing at them. Henry happened to catch Dick off his guard and landed a blow which

Today

TO be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leading nations look.
When men speak strong for brotherhood,
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere,
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvel yet to be.

Oh, thrilling age!

Oh, willing age!

When steel and stone and rail and rod
Become the utterance of God,
A trump to shout his thunder through
Proclaiming all that man may do.

To be alive in such an age!
That thunders forth its discontent
With futile creed and sacrament,
Yet craves to utter God's intent,
Seeing beneath the world's unrest
Creation's huge, untiring quest,
And through Tradition's broken crust
The flame of Truth's triumphant thrust.

To be alive in such an age!

To live to it!

To give to it!

Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

ANGELA MORGAN
In "The Hour Has Struck"

caused his opponent to stumble and then vanish, leaving no trace.

For a moment three blank faces gazed at the place where Dick had been, then the young folks laughed. "He stumbled over something and fell backwards into the bushes," explained Margaret.

"Why doesn't he get up?" asked Dorothy as her brother did not reappear.

Henry parted the bushes to find Dick lying on the ground with his eyes closed and his freckled face white. "Dick," cried Henry, "what's the matter? Are you hurt, old chap?"

"Hit something hard," answered Dick, opening his eyes with an effort.

"It's a log," said Dorothy, moving branches with her foot. "It's a long one, too, and there's sand on it as if people walked over it."

"Go out and see if there's another at the end of it," cried Margaret. "The land's low back there. There might be a log path to the haunted house, mightn't there?"

The girls helped Dick to his feet and gave him a drink of water while Henry ran out the length of the log and further. He was back in a moment to say eagerly, "There's another log at the end and a whole lot more. I guess we've found the way to the haunted house all right."

"These bushes screen the outlet perfectly," spoke Margaret. "Feel better, Dick? Shall we go ahead?"

"Yes," replied Dick. "Look up, girls first. I hadn't noticed the sky until I lay there on the ground. See that cloud?

There's a big storm coming and we're miles from shelter."

"Storms come up here very fast, folks say," remarked Henry. "Come on, girls."

In Indian file they wound their way through the swamp, balancing on the log path laid from hummock to hummock in places. Sometimes the logs sank under their weight but they got safely across. Henry went ahead, then Margaret, Dorothy and, lastly, Dick. For quarter of a mile or so the logs guided them and at last they emerged into a grove of dead cypresses hung deep with spectral gray moss. The log pathway continued through this to a little island of higher ground where stood a gray old house with a few dead and dying orange trees about it.

"A ghost of a house in a grove of ghostly trees," cried Margaret. "Oh, it can't be real, can it?"

"It's real enough to keep the rain off," said Henry. "I'll see if we can get in." He vanished around the corner of the old house as he spoke and was soon back with the information that the boards were off one window so he could get in all right.

Dick was staring at one corner of the house and did not seem to hear. "Where's that wireless gone?" he demanded. "I'm sure we saw one here."

"Oh, come along and explore the house," said Henry, not paying much attention to his friend's remark. "Don't stand there like a looney. I tell you I've found a way to get inside."

"But the wireless," insisted Dick, resisting.

"The spooks took it down," laughed Henry. "Maybe they're not here all the time."

Margaret remarked as they rounded the corner of the house and climbed the steps, "Few white folks know where the house is. The ghosts scared an old negro once. Nobody has dared come near it since."

"That would make it a fine place for anyone who wanted to hide," said Dorothy, as she scrambled through the window space while Dick and Henry held the boards back. The boards had been wrenched loose at the bottom.

Margaret had noticed that the house faced the river though a swamp was all around it and the front porch was in fair repair. The room they entered was bare of furniture but had plenty of dust and cobwebs, spiders and bugs of several descriptions. The girls groaned and half drew back, Dorothy especially, until Margaret pointed out that the insects were more afraid of her than she could be of them. Indeed they crawled into hiding as fast as they could go. Dorothy gave herself a shake and followed the boys out into the kitchen. This, too, was entirely without furnishings except for a rusty old stove.

"There isn't a blooming thing to see here," growled Henry. "Where does that door go to?"



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1133 KENTUCKY ST.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church of Lawrence. Mr. W. C. Stevens is our Superintendent. Rev. Wilson Backus is our minister. Mrs. Backus is my teacher. I like her very much. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much. I should like to correspond with some girl of my own age.

Sincerely yours,
CECILIA TOWNE.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and enjoy *The Beacon* very much. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mrs. Stone. Our minister is Mr. Greenman. I would like to join the Club and would also like to have some girls my age write to me.

HARRIET F. KELLEY.

"Wait a minute," commanded Margaret's calm voice. "There isn't anything here to see. You're right about that, Henry; but where's the dust and cobwebs? This room is clean as a whistle."

Henry stopped, his hand on the door that led to the staircase. "The dickens it is!" he exclaimed. "Now why didn't Dick and I see that?"

"It takes a girl to notice such things," remarked Dorothy, smiling at Margaret. "Now let's go upstairs."

The staircase, too, was clean as was the bedroom they entered directly from the stairway. They were greeted that same instant with a rush and roar of waters as the storm broke overhead. Hurrying footsteps came up the pathway, a key grated in the lock and two rough looking men entered the kitchen below. Margaret saw them from one corner of her eye as she glanced out the side window.

"I don't like their looks," she whispered to Henry. "They mustn't find us here."

(To be continued)

Church School News

The church school and congregation of the West Newton Unitarian Church united in the Christmas service held on Sunday morning. There was a prelude of carols sung in the cloister. The enlarged calendar for the day contained the words of all the carols for the service. The kindergarten department entered the church at the time of the singing of the last congregational hymns and after the carol "Silent Night," the church school choir and school and kindergarten retired while the service for adults proceeded. At 4:30 in the afternoon of the same day, a mystery play, "The Nativity," was presented with words and music from old

BOX E,
EAST GARDNER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church. I read *The Beacon* and would like to join your club. I try to attend Sunday School every Sunday. There are seven in my class. I have three miles to go each way. I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade at school. I would like to correspond with some other girls my age.

Your friend,
IRMA SMITH.

Other new members of our Club are Ada Marie Bowers, Los Angeles, Cal.; Edna Warren, Sanford, Me.; Eunice Burdick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Donovan, Erie, Pa.; Doris R. Kruger, Providence, R. I.

Other new members in Massachusetts are Edward H. Turner, Arlington; T. Royle Dauber, Cohasset; Ruoff Tompkins, Concord; Helen Belding and Janette Cobb, Hingham; Sybil Estabrook, Marlboro; Russell Whaley, North Cambridge; Walter E. Deacon and George Nightingale, Quincy; Bradford and Frederick Jealous, Waterville, Me.; Constance Loring and Ruth McWain, Wellesley Hills; Wilmar Harlow, Marietta Lothrop and Bobbie Mahoney, West Bridgewater.

French Noels. Mrs. Charlotte R. Phalen was director of this pageant.

On December 23rd, the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Providence, R. I., had Christmas services both morning and afternoon. The afternoon service consisted of a pageant of the Christmas story given at four o'clock under the direction of Mrs. Ryder Holmes Gay, with Miss Annette Ham as director of music. Following the pageant, a candle-light service was held, ending with the "Hallelujah Chorus." At the close of the candle-light service, the congregation remained seated until the members of the church school had marched from the room. This school served seven needy families and solicited dolls, playthings, and useful articles for their Christmas contribution.

The program of the pageant given at Los Angeles by members of the church school on December 16th at five o'clock has been received in the Department of Religious Education. The nativity drama "The Advent of Jesus" was given in a prologue and five episodes. The pageant was under the direction of Louise Pinckney Sooy. In addition to the carols and anthems by the choir, two harp solos were played by Barbara T. Kierulff.

As in previous years the pageant of "The Nativity," arranged by Rev. and Mrs. Eugene R. Shippen of the Second Church, Boston, was presented twice on Sunday, the 16th, to large and appreciative audiences. The school of this church, under the leadership of Waitstill H. Sharp, of the Harvard Law School, has steadily increased in size since the opening in October and now numbers 95 pupils, the largest enrolment in many years. A group of "waits" from the school went a-caroling on Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve.

RECREATION CORNER.



ENIGMA XXXIV

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 9, 12, 3, 4, 9, is water flowing through the land.
My 3, 12, 2, 1, 6, 15, is a flower.
My 7, 8, 12, 5, is a part of the body.
My 16, 11, 13, 10, is an equal part.
My 5, 14, 15, is a snare.
My whole is a sentence from First Corinthians.

A. A. E.

ENIGMA XXXV

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 13, 14, 6, 11, is to be dressed.
My 18, 19, 3, 20, is a pronoun used by the Quakers.
My 2, 5, 15, 7, 25, has much weight.
My 22, 23, 21, is a record kept on a ship.
My 27, 26, 29, 30, sustains life.
My 10, 13, 16, 17, 8, 9, is used to show pictures.
My 4, 12, 24, is a personal pronoun.
My 28, 4, 26, 10, 1, is said to walk by night.
My whole is a sentence from the Psalms.

A. C. J.

WORD TRANPOSITIONS

In each sentence each space is filled with a word formed of the same letters transposed.

1. I would like you, — and Jenny to come and — dinner with us Sunday.
2. You will find a — in the train going —, and we can travel together.
3. I would like — to taste that —.
4. If you don't take —, you will lose the —.
5. Can you — two —. Daddy always — them for me.

The Portal.

DIAMONDS OF NUMBER

- | 1. | 2. |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. In earnest. | 1. In Fanny. |
| 2. A snare. | 2. A lady's necklace. |
| 3. A number. | 3. A number. |
| 4. A beverage. | 4. Consumed. |
| 5. In earnest. | 5. In Fanny. |

Boyland.

PIED POETRY

Hist lorwd ath rew'e a vinil' ni
Si hingty ardh to tabe:
Uoy etg a ronth twih reyve esor
Ubt nera't het osser ewets.

JOHN M. WALLACE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

- EIGHT "ATES". — 1. Illiterate. 2. Hesitate. 3. Conglomerate. 4. Emaciate. 5. Preponderate. 6. Compassionate. 7. Impersonate. 8. Premeditate.

CHARADE.—See-saw.

TRANSFORMATIONS.—Trifles; lifter; flirt; flit; fit; it; I.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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